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MONTELIONS PREDICTIONS,

OR THE Hogen Mogen FORTUNETELLER.

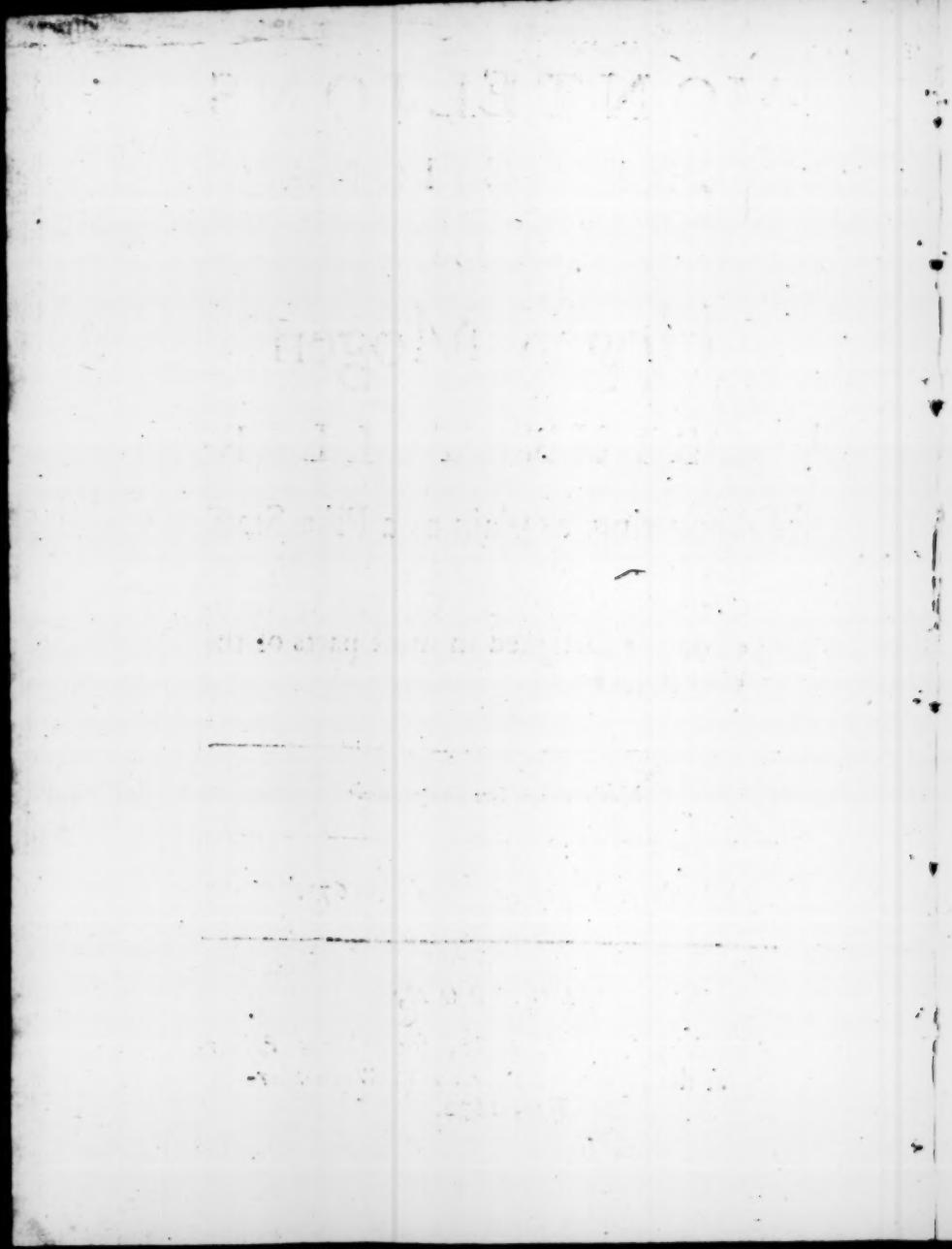
Discovering as plain as a Pike-Staff,
the Dark I N T R I G U E S, and
Grand CATASTROPHES, carri-
ed on, or Designed in most parts of the
WORLD.

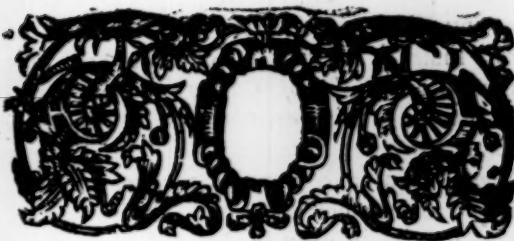
Μάρτιος αριστος ὅστις ἔκαψεν καλαῶν

With Allowance, May 11. 1672.

L O N D O N,

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MONTELIONS
PREDICTIONS,
OR
The Hogen Mogen Fortuneteller.

Lthough we have ever been of Opinion, that the best of our Modern Prophets have been only the most Lucky Guessers, and find the Press already opprest with Swarms of Prophetick Pamphlets, no less numerous, than Impertinent. Yet that the Blind World may see our Skill, either in Astrology, or Cokinomancy (that more Mysterious Art of the Sieve and Shears) is not a whit inferior to the busiest

of our fellow-Students, we have resolved on the Question to oblige the *Publique* (we mean *Hawkers*, and *Coffee-Houses*) by delivering our Sentiments on the present Conjuncture of Affairs, induced hereunto; for that not only our Brother, the *Apollo* of *Clerkenwel Green*, hath for some time disappeared to Mortals, being (as we are credibly informed) gone to Visit his *Nurse* at the *Ant-podes*, but also because the heretofore active *Gosequel* of our beloved Pupil, the renowned *Poor Robin*, is of late grown Dry and Stubbed, yielding little more than the *Dregs* of *Red-Lettice Wit*, or nauseous *Repetitions*. These Considerations we hope will be Apology enough (even in a Critick Conscience) and to offer more Reasons for Writing a *single-sheet Pamphlet*, would be Absurd and Unmodish, since many of our great Authors now a-dayes can shew none at all for their more *Voluminous Scribblings*, we cannot (to deal Candidly with our Readers) pretend to any *Visions*, *Apparitions*, *Revelations*, or *strange Voices*, though perhaps that excellent new Invention of, *The speaking Trumpet* (subtly manag'd) might put not a few *Giddy Heads* on that account, into a Dotage beyond *Tom in the Woods*. Angels either *Cœlestial*, or *Golden*, we dare not boast Familiarity with; Comets they say are Generated above the Orb of the *Moon*, and so are too high for the *Jacobs-Staff* of our groveling Understanding, to find out their particular portents. The old new Star in *Cassiopeia* we shall not medle with, though we have heard our Nodding Grand-Mother in a *Winters Evening*, discourse thereupon so profoundly, till she fell a sleep;

sleep; nor trouble our self with any Oppositions that may happen between Saturn and Jupiter, as not desiring to Interpose in a Quarrel twixt Father and Son: Nor yet shall we put our selves to the unnecessary Charges of Building up *Twelue Houses* (meer Castles in the Air) in an ill-favoured Scheme, nor but that we *Ken the Knack* of those Coelestial Scotch-Hoppers too, as throughly as the most *Huffing & ayling* ith' Town: But out of pure Aversion to those Hackney Roads of Figures and Characters wherewith some pretend to *Score* out the Fortune of a Year, and Fate of Empires, in Terms so uncertain and ambiguous, that they may be Verified in any future Contingency whatever, we decline all those *Amuzing Parades* of Art, and without Clouds and Amphibologics, in plain English, and in Rhyme too, that I may appear the more Prophetick, do declare,

*The Time's now come must bring to pass,
What Fates have Wrote with Pens of Brass.
That Rebel Rout, whose swelling Pride,
Princes Centem'd, and Kings dis'd:
Before bright Sol his Journey take,
Three times a round the Zodiake,
Shall be Reduc'd to more Distress,
Than in the dayes of Royal Bels.
Great York, the Neptune of the Main,
Their Insolence shall once again
Chastise, until they are become,
Poor suppliant States of Belgium:
And at his Brothers Royal Feet,
Submissively begg, as 'tis meet.*

That

Hontelions Predictions.

*That he would lay his Thunder by,
And take them to his Clemency.*

But because (according to the *Grand Method* we have alwayes pursued in our Writings) a more particular Account of the grand Matters impend-ing may be expected, we proceed in the *Stile* of the most celebrated Sons of Art, and with all Caution and Sincerity, say: That from the vast preparations, both at Land and Sea, the Declarati-ons of War lately Published on either Side, sev-eral *Lowning Aspects* of disaffected Planets, their *Quarrelsome Positions* at their vernal Ingrels, and diverse other Secrets in Art, we may (on good grounds according to the Doctrine of the *Antsents*) Prognosticate: That some *Ruptures* are at hand, or *Actis of Hostility* designed, or ready to break forth into Action in *some parts* of the World. And since *Cancer* is the Horoscopic Sign of *Holland*, and that none loves *Butter'd Crabs* better than a Dutchman; we are indued to believe thole very United Provinces may much be concerned in the *formidabile Catastrophes*, whereof thele *Phenomina* are the *Indubitable Prodromi*. Not that we find by the abstrusest Rules of *Geomancy*, that the *Hogen States* are any more likely this Year to Establish the *Fifth Monarchy* in an Universal Common-Wealth, than *Satothy Levy*, to Revive and Recolect the Ten scattered Tribes, for taking Possession of the *Holy Land*: Yet are we more than Confident, that Sage Aphorism of the late Deceased Plagiary *Tres-megistus* in his *Temple of Wisdom*, will shortly be verified to a hairs breadth, v.i.e. *That wheresoever*

contrary Fleets, or opposing Armies happen to meet, Contentions will be apt to arise, and that several Persons by means thereof, may chance, against all Rules of Physick, to be Let Blood itb' Dog-days. About or rather much before which time we also discover, There will be heard strange and unusual Noises at Sea, to the great Affrightment of the Dolphins, and spoiling the Musick of the Syrens:

*The Planets startling from their Orbs with wonder,
To hear our Guns below out-roar their Thunder.*

Immediately after which, the long contested Sovereignty of the Narrow-Seas shall be decided by a most equal Distribution, the Surface remaining in the Possession of his Majesty of Great Britain (the undoubted Proprietor) and his Valiant Subjects, whilst the Bottom falls to the share of his usurping Enemies, as the just Reward of their unparalleled Ingratitude; thereby replenishing the hungry Stomachs of Neptunes Scaly Inhabitants, who now Exercise *Lex Talionis*, and by Devouring their Devourers, produce of *Metempsychosis* of Bodies, that Pythagoras never dream'd of. For whereas a Dutchman is little more than Stock-fish, and Red-herring Fleshified, our Crabs and Fresh-Cod, will now be only Dutchmen Fishified. Thus a Ravenous Shark unnaturally Feasts on the fat Paunch of his own Brother, an overgrown Burgomaster, whilst Margery the Cook-maid startles to find the Finger and Sealing of Myne Heir, in the Belly of a Mackril, and the Rotterdam Frons deluge themselves in Tears for the loss of their Swil-Bottles.

We

We further find by the *Hermitek Learning*,

(*For so of late our Quacks do call,
All Tricks if Strange and Mystical.*)

That *Coffee-Houses* (the Mint of Intelligence, and Forge of Lies) shall bee much frequented ; and many a Pragmatick Fop spend his Six-pence there over Night, to hear *News*, that knows not where to get a Dinner next Day ; who then with folded arms and croaking Guts, does Pennance for his foolish Curiosity. To supply these *Randerwuse of Idleness*, with continual Novelties, the Pres' Spawns abortive *Pamphlets*, that swarm Abroad as thick as Flies in *Autumn*. And Fame sets up a Cheating *Lotery*, where for a Prize of Verity, you ~~will~~ forty Blanks of Falshood, and in a whole *Volley* of *News* scarce meet a true *Report* : We do not find his *Holiness* much Inclinable to entertain thoughts of Marriage, but rather that if his Fancy should grow a little Rampant the Cholick and Stone, would mainly Obstruct his Delights in the Careles of an *Olympia*. And seeing he Labours under so many Crosses, we cannot but reprove the uncharitableness of some *Gifted Brethren*, who in their Little Conventicles, Rail so desperately at a *Civil Grave old Gentleman*, whom they know no more than the *Pope of Rome* : The Grand Seignior may yet in spight of some foolish Prognosticators (who seven Years have threatened him with a Peck of Troubles) Live a long time as merry as a *Fiddler*, if the *Musty* will but grant him a Dispensation to Drink now and then a Glass

Montelions Predictions.

3

Glaſs of Sack, but his Viziers Corn cutter will probably be hurried with multiplicity of Busineſs: His Mightinesſes Toes being ſorely afflieted by reaſon to tedious Marches towards Hungary. The Crym Tarter in the midſt of his Triumphs, is Tipt into his Grave by a Surfeit on Stev'd Fruans. And may the Guardian-Angel of Green-Aprons, protecſome eminent Senators nearer Home, from being choakt with Cufarais, or adwittted Knights of the Noble Order of the Bull-Feather, at a Masquerade: Stephen Ratzius, Brother Stenko, ſeems Inſigated by Venus, Lady of the Seventh, in his Radix Retrograde, to ſend an Envy Extraordinary to the States General, to demand in Marriage the moſt Illuſtrious Befſabel, Daughter of the much Celebrated Van-Cobler-Hewſon, that they may make a prudent provision for Futurity, and propagate a pretious Seed of Rebels and Bourefeus, to diſturb the Peace of the next Generation. Munſterus that Hermapbrodite of State, who with his Croſſes in one Hand, and Sword in th'other, looks like a Roſton Crow of two Colours, parte per pale, Ingrail'd, Lay and Clergy, hovers with a wary Subtlety over the Heads of the furious Combatants, till Fortune declare on whose Crefts ſhe intends to Plant the Laurels of Victory, or takes up the Swiſſers Trade, and Cries, Who bids moſt for 30000. But Manet alta mente reponam, There is no playing one Game over Twice.

Quo teneam Vultum mutantem proœa Nodo?

What ſhall restrain him from the Breach of's Vows,
That to no Altar, but 's own Inter'eſt bows.

B

If

If the Forces of the most Christian King chance to set down before Maestricht, that unhappy Town will be in some Danger of a Seige, and rare it will be to see there so much Belly-Timber for a Breakfast, as is Confounded at a Guild-Hall Dinner; but a dried Sprat is excellent Commons for those in a Strait, that in their best Days thought a Red-Herring a Feast. Holland Cheese we confidently predict, will be a dear Commodity, but Butterboxes never so Cheap and Contemptible, it being but just all Nations should Bandy to Exterpate them, who have Confederated to Abuse all the World. If they have any Assistance, it must be from beyond the Line: For what Christian will be a Second to such Insolents? Nor can they appear Formidable since the Brandy that was wont to Inspire them with Valour is now prohibited. To conclude, Englands Genius soars high, the Lillies flourish, and may they ever retain their Colour; the Emblem of Integrity, the Instness of our Cause, the Conduct and great Example of our Leaders, conspire with our native Courage to bespeak a Victory. And though we know the Innate Valour of our Noble Seamen, and others concerned in this Expedition, needs not to be raised up by Hobling Rhyme, of a sorry Bard, yet to fill up their other Sheet, and that the Reader may be sure to have enough for his Two-pence, we have thought very fit to add this Ballad Loyal.

A Ballad

A

BALLAD LOYAL.

I.

YOU Sons of Honour, that dare die!
 To serve your Native Land,
 And for your King and dear Country.
 The Shock of danger stand,
 Now prepare
 For the War,
 Shew the world your glories,
 Do such deeds
 As must needs
 Live in future Stories.

2.

Go on brave Hero's ! you can't miss
 The Road to Victory.
 Where Mighty York High Admiral is,
 That Soul of Gallantry,
 He whose Name
 Rides on Fame.
 And must still more prevail,
 Till it make
 Flemings quake,
 And humbly strike their sail.

Our Ships like floating Castles ride,
 The Waves are proud to bear 'm
 They deafen Thunder-each Broadside,
 The Dutch or Devils must fear 'm,
 No place can boast,
 Besides our Coast
 Vessels so great and good,
 So many too,
 That Strangers do
 Think al' our Downs a Wood.

Then pray what mean these Hogen States?
 (It passes our Construction)
 Insolently to dare their Fates,
 And tempt their own Destruction,
 On Shore and Sea
 Ruin they'll see
 On every side surrounding
 Brave Monmouth's hand
 Wasting their Land,
 Great York their Fleets confounding.

Dull Dutch! can you forget when we,
 In three Fights quell'd your pride,
 Not long since when our Brittish Sea
 With your base blood was dy'd,

And

And dare you then
 Fight us again:
 What honour can it be
 To beat a new
 Such Slaves as you,
 Whom we before made flee.

6.

If Rebell Noll could make you bow,
 And fore him trembling stand,
 How think you fools to resist now,
 The mighty Charles's hand,
 Can it be said
 Against our Head
 You'r likely to prevail,
 Who heretofore,
 Were glad t' adore,
 And cringe unto our Taile.

7.

Wherefore Brave English Seamen all
 Rouse up your valours fire
 Courageously upon them fall
 Make the dull World admire,
 Let not your breast
 Harbour a Guest,
 That treats of fear or flying,
 Let not a thought
 Centre in ought,
 But conquering or dying.

*So may you vanquish still and take
Rich Prizes every day :
May no tempests your Vessels shake,
Nor Rock lie in your way.*

*So may you bring
To our Great King
A compleat Victory.
And he bestow
Again on you,
A fit Gratuity.*

*If any of you Sacrifice,
Your hearts at Cupids Shrine.
May no Coy Wench your Love despise,
Nor to you prove unkind ;
But may they all
Before you fall,
As 'tis indeed their duties :
Tis reason such,
As conquer Dutch
Should Triumph over Beauties ;*

*May all your Wives prove Chast and be,
As deaf to Gallants charms,
Whilst you are out ; as Penelope,
When her Lord was in Arms.*

Thus

*Thus will we pray
 Each night and day,
 Till homewards you are bound
 Your deeds with praise
 Your Heads, with Baize,
 Inglorious manner Crown'd.*

The POST-SCRIPT:

SInce Mr. Lillies Predictions in his admired Almanack for the Year 1654. have made so much noile in the World, we cannot but think it convenient to transcribe from that celebrated Author a Short Prayer, which we think as pertinent to the present conjuncture of affairs, as any of the rest, which follows in the said book in thele word,,

*God grant us Unity in the Church and
 give the Presbyterians so much love unto their
 Native Countrey, as to rejoice when we worst
 the Dutch, and not to flag down their heads
 like sorrowful Rabbies at our Successes.*

FINIS.